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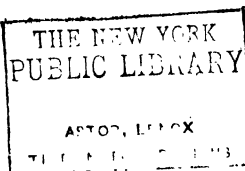
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—BY—

CHARLES WAYNE RAY, A. M., D. D.,

*Author of*

*"Bible Questions Answered", "Heart Echoes"*

*"The Radiant Life" Etc.*

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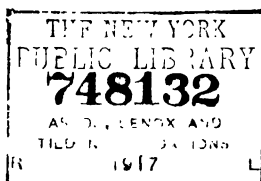
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### **DEDICATION**

*To the precious memory of my true  
devoted parents, William R. Ray and  
Hester A. Ray, of Riley, Indiana,  
this little volume of poems is ten-  
derly and lovingly dedicated by*  
**THE AUTHOR.**



## THE HAPPY HOOSIER

I met a happy Hoosier on a summer day,  
"Give me a dime," he said, "I pray."

But I said to him, "I'm broke you see,  
You can have any dime you find on me."

When I informed him I was broke  
He didn't even wait to joke;

But a happy Hoosier still was he  
Although he got no dime from me.

Then he hastened away without a frown  
As tho' I had given him half a crown.

I don't know why we need to cry  
Or often heave a mournful sigh,

Whether in truth you're really broke  
Or just pretend it in a joke.

If you travel round in this big world,  
You'll find a lot of folks need gold;

For, O, so many that you see  
Have just been broke, or soon will be.

But what is gained by feeling bad?  
Cheer up my friend, and don't look sad;

For it doesn't cost much to give a smile  
But it will wear for many a mile.

I am so glad the air is free  
And so is talk in some degree;

But when you've money, don't forget  
To pay your bills without regret.

Now happy Hoosier come again  
And always make your story plain;

Speak to the point and don't stretch out  
All the news you know about;

For there're so many bores in life  
Who fill the world with pesky strife;

They visit with such a clattering tongue  
That you are glad when they are gone.

Let me kindly you implore  
Leave in time to call once more.

Happy Hoosier keep your smile,  
It will wear for many a mile;

In the sunshine, in the shadow,  
On the hilltop, in the meadow,

Even when the world is dark  
In your heart may be a spark.

Never waver in your scheme  
If you have a worthy theme.

Happy Hoosier keep the track  
For you'll draw some others back,

Who, in other days gone by  
Left the path but heaved a sigh.

Out in doubt and deep dismay  
They have spent the long, long day.

Now to you is left a mission,  
Go on a divine commission:

Cheerful, glad and happy be  
Good luck ever stay with thee;  
Keep your smile, altho' you're broke  
It's a treasure, not a joke.

---

### KEEP SMILING

Just keep on a smilin'  
And scatter all frowns away,  
Then your life will be more happy  
And your heart will be more gay.

For the smiles will cure the blues;  
Then let the sunshine in,  
And cheerfulness will help you  
In all your struggles to win.

So don't forget your smilin'  
When the day is dark and drear,  
And the task is long and irksome  
And no one says "take cheer."

O, it's smilin' always smilin'  
That'll brighten the darkest day,  
Yes, 'twill fill your soul with heaven  
And 'twill lengthen out your pay;

For frowns and scowls and worries  
Kill many big, strong men,  
And defeat them in their duties,  
Hindering nine out of ten.

But smilin' lifts the heavy heart  
And brightens the eye that's dim;  
It fills and thrills and generates  
The power that gives men vim.

So, break up the frowns and wrinkles  
With many happy daily smiles;  
And your heart will keep a singin'  
While you travel miles of smiles.

---

### THE OLD YEAR DYIN'

I was jist a thinkin'  
How the year is almost past,  
Ah, this very night I'm thinkin',  
Is the night that goes the last.

I am thinkin' of the days  
That one by one sped by  
And now it seems a little sad  
The old year soon must die.

But dyin' comes to everything,  
To man and beast and bird,  
And I reckon it comes to passin' time  
As you have often heard.

If I could jist go back a step  
And change a day or two,  
I wouldn't be a carin'  
If time and I were through.

But it's jist as true as ever  
That a day we can't recall,  
But it's also very pleasant  
God is good to each and all.

So I am jist a thinkin'  
Of the good I've tried to do  
While the old year is a dyin'  
And the new a comin' too.

But, as I keep a thinkin'  
To me it's doubly sad  
To know so many duties  
I've done so very bad.

I couldn't be a saint  
Like Uncle Deacon Brown,  
And always keep a wearin'  
My religion and a crown;

For cows I've been a milkin'  
And pigs a feedin' too  
And workin' all around the farm  
To get a cent or two.

But cows and pigs don't care a whit  
Whether you're a saint or sinner,  
But if they're cold and hungry  
They simply want their dinner.

That's jist why I'm a thinkin'  
About the year that's past;  
And wonderin' how it happens  
I lived to see the last.

Well, I jist about decided  
That God does not intend  
That I should break my neck  
Tryin' all my ways to mend.

Yes, I hear a bell a ringin'  
And its chimes are very sweet;  
I think it is our sexton  
A callin' us to meet.

So I must be a goin'  
And thinkin' as I go;  
For the old year is a dyin'  
And the new a comin' too.

---

### BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

(This poem was written by Rev. Chas. Wayne Ray, D.D.,  
on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, June 23, 1907, while  
he was on a tour of the Holy Land.)

It is on a Sunday's morning  
All alone I speak to Thee,  
As I'm sitting by the sea-side  
On the shores of Galilee.

Can it be, Oh, Lord of Heaven,  
That I'm here beside the sea;  
All alone beside the waters  
In the land of Galilee?

Oh, beautiful sea of Galilee,  
My hand I bathe in thee,  
As thy billows wash the lea  
Where my Jesus used to be.

Here my Savior walked in darkness  
As He sought to save the lost;  
And to care for His disciples  
As their ship in danger tossed.

Long, long years have passed since then  
Yet my Lord will come once more,  
To welcome home on the glory shore  
Many whose sorrows are o'er.

Help me Jesus, by the sea-side  
To surrender all to Thee;  
And to always love and cherish  
All that God would have me be.

Help me Savior now to enter  
In a closer walk with Thee;  
May my all to Thee be given  
On the shores of Galilee.

Yes, I'm coming blessed Jesus,  
For that fellowship divine,  
And I learn from Holy Scripture  
All those blessings shall be mine.

Now I see my way is open  
At the door my Savior stands;  
Soon I'll run to greet Him  
And to clasp His blessed hands.

The act is done, Oh Prince of Peace,  
And I have once more found release,  
Seal my deed with solemn grace,  
May my joys of Heaven increase.

Now I'm sitting by the sea  
As the waves leap up to me,  
Each one sparkling seems to say  
"Trust the Lord, and you'll be free."

So I'm sitting here alone,  
Far from friends and far from home;  
Only two, my Lord and me,  
On the shores of Galilee.

---

### SUMMER DREAMS

The sweet dreams of the summer  
Of the field and bird and rose,  
Open to me the charms and beauties  
That in the woodlands do repose.

The fragrance of the flowers bloom  
Kissed my sad cheek with a smile,  
Now as I work the long, long day  
I feel that life's worth while.

But summer soon is gone and then—  
Comes the winter snow so cold,  
But I will cherish the summer dreams  
For they're better to me than gold.

---

### THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIVING

Man's life is more than a living to make,  
Death more than a grave in which to lay,  
But touched by a tenderness divine  
That man shall with God's angels play.



A good heart is always a splendid thing  
For it gives man hope which is sublime,  
And dispels all fears and false alarms,  
Then whispers, "Live throughout all time."

Our lives are just what we make them  
And we are making them every day;  
They cannot be all sorrow nor all gay  
Nor will they be all winter nor all May.

But sunshine and shadows—joy and pain—  
Cold frosty winter and sweetness of spring,  
Are some of the cares and pleasures  
That to you this world will bring.

But brightest and best of all living  
And no man is ever denied that delight,  
Is the heart that's happy and contented,  
And bears no wild fear of the night.

Bright days of yore—bright days before—  
Thine own forever shall one day be,  
So why fuss around and always complain  
If the bright side of life you would see.

Keep smiling when your heart is heavy  
And sing when your cupboard is bare,  
Then the birds will come and feed you  
And you will have plenty to spare.

Oh, why should we ever go fretting,  
Bending low with our burdens and care,  
When the world is so bright and so happy  
And the bright side is found everywhere.

So I'll smile when the days are cloudy,  
And sing when the cupboard is bare,  
For I've found the bright side of living  
And the world has for me little care.

---

### MY HOUSE

I will lay away  
A penny a day  
To buy a home  
In which to stay;  
But a long, long time  
It is sure to be  
Before I can pay  
My home all free.

But just the same  
I mean to try,  
And save some pennies  
Before I die.  
But a penny a day  
Comes in so slow  
It seems my pennies  
Will never grow.

Working for pennies  
For many a day,  
I saved up five  
For my house to pay.  
So my house is built  
And I feel safer,  
For it's all made up  
Of thick brown paper.

## THE BOY'S PLAY

Come sit on my knee, little man,  
And listen to what I shall say,  
For the summer will soon be gone  
And so will the summer play.

The winter's cold wind and snow  
Will drive all the birdies away,  
And the posies like those you picked,  
Frozen on the ground will lay.

But do not weep, my little man,  
For the winter play will come,  
And jolly sleigh ride and rabbit hunt  
Will lure you out from your home.

No one likes these sudden changes  
From cold winter to the spring,  
But all through life they're coming  
And they'll joy or sorrow bring.

So always live, my little man,  
The best you can each day,  
Whether at the hardest work  
Or in the happiest kind of play.

---

## TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME

The troubles that never come  
Make the hair of many gray,  
And the sorrows that some carry  
Could have been left by the way.

The fearing and the fainting heart  
Weakened by a fancied loss,  
Is the one that often pines the most  
And feeds on ashes and dross.

Then why should a mortal man  
Yield to a deceptive foe,  
And why will he allow himself  
To be enslaved by a mythical woe?

O, man, awake and arise  
And with courage enter the fray,  
Do not go forth in pining  
But battle for right each day.

---

#### WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

May I ask you one plain question—  
And I'll on your word depend—  
"Please answer me in honest truth,  
When does a feller need a friend?"

I'll tell you what I truly think,  
And for you will theories bend,  
As I point you to that cloudy day  
When a feller needs a friend.

It's the day when your money's gone  
And to you nobody will a penny lend,  
When you've no job and are awful sick—  
That's when a feller needs a friend.

It's when the cold world does condemn  
And no one will rise and you defend,  
When your honor's trampled in the dust—  
Then's when a feller needs a friend.

It's when you've lost your store and all,  
And broken fortune you're too old to mend,  
When you give up hope and cease to try—  
That's when a feller needs a friend.

When you feel all alone in the world  
And there are none to whom you can send  
To ask for a lift to get started again—  
Then's when a feller needs a friend.

O, if somebody only knew and would help  
Those who are ready to sever life's trend,  
And render them kindly deeds of love—  
For that's a time a feller needs a friend.

But let us all remember as we live  
It's just as needful to be that friend  
And help the man who's down in the world  
As it is for the feller who needs a friend.

He needs your help to rise and journey on  
And you need his painful wants to attend,  
To enlarge and cause your heart to grow  
For God and the feller who needs a friend.

---

### TIM PENNY

Tim Penny was a Christian man  
I guess you heard him say,  
But he never did a lick of work  
And said he couldn't pray.

But yet Tim always went to church  
And never missed one day,  
But he would knock the Sunday school  
And yet he wouldn't pay.

The preacher and the choir came in  
For a load of fiery blame,  
The ladies' aid and the stewards—  
He gave them hell the same.

But Tim was not an apostate  
Made vile—but yet no better,  
For he was just a chronic kicker  
And he lived it to the letter.

No one could please Tim Penny  
For he'd always growl and fuss,  
He saw some bad in every saint  
And would die if he didn't cuss.

So when you meet a grumbler  
And hear him whine and fuss,  
Please think of old Tim Penny  
Who died when he couldn't cuss.

---

### WHY I STOLE

I stole and what do you think  
That all my friends will say  
When they hear that I was wicked  
And did act in this bad way?

I know just what they'll think  
And the brand they'll put on me;  
They'll call me "thief and robber  
And a lost man he will be."

All know stealing is not right  
And that men should honest be,  
But on me they'll show no mercy,  
For I'm a preacher as you see.

But now I really do not know  
Why I should act so bad,  
To steal when I ought not to  
For my Bible says it is bad.

My friends don't be too hard on me,  
Please don't blame me when I say,  
That I was so tired and weary  
That I simply stole away. (to rest.)

---

### JESUS SAVE ME

Jesus, save me, ever save me,  
When my feet are on the brink;  
Come thou near and lift me  
Lest I in the mire shall sink.

Save me from the luring tide  
When my heart is beating low;  
Be ever near and turn me back  
When I to the pit must go.

Jesus save me from the fall  
When the storms of passion roll;  
Be the Watchman at my gate;  
Come thou Guardian of my soul.

Jesus save us every moment  
As we through the valley go;  
Help us find the faith of power  
And to use all that we know.

## FAITH

I want a faith that's growing,  
Ever reaching out and knowing,  
And always ready in bestowing  
Many good deeds daily sowing.

A faith that does believe in all,  
That doubts can never thrall,  
But puts its trust in great and small  
And listens daily to God's call.

Faith is ever man's vital need,  
For without faith the heart will bleed,  
And high and low should intercede  
The cry of faith God will always heed.

---

## THE DAWN AT SEA

The sparkling sun lit up the dawn  
And kissed the crystal billows,  
So every wave with a silver thread  
Looked like the snow-capped willows.

A day so bright cheers every heart  
And kills our selfish notions,  
For as our ship sails proudly on  
We have no sad commotions.

Bright day at sea continue on  
And give us dreams galore,  
So may we live and shout to see  
That land we left before.



For every day's a little life  
The setting sun doth close,  
And every heart however sad  
Will smile to scent a rose.

Then peaceful, quiet, silvery sea  
Bear our ship to yonder shore,  
And safe at home from ocean roam  
Your charms we shall adore.

---

### THE STARRY NIGHT

A misty veil falls on the earth,  
The sun goes out of sight,  
The little stars peep out at you  
And whisper, "it is night."

The birds go home to roost,  
The cattle and horses rest,  
While all about the veil of night  
Makes man and nature blest.

There is a solemn loveliness  
About the starry night  
That makes man always feel  
The blessings of the right.

Then view it from the hilltop  
As the curtain rolls below,  
And watch the chasing stars  
As forever on they go.

There is no grander beauty  
Than the quiet starry night,  
As it drops the veil of sleep  
And fastens the eyelids tight.

Then sleep and be refreshed  
For the night is nature's friend,  
And it will always come and go  
Until the earth shall end.

---

## MOTHER

I had a mother once,  
And so great was she  
That all my troubles lighter grew  
When she would say:  
"Cheer up, my boy,  
There'll be some brighter day."

---

## ACROSTIC

Voices of the lilies  
In the meadow and the dell,  
Calling man to duties  
That in future years will tell  
Of the sweetest golden pleasures,  
Rich in blessing for thy soul,  
You may reach this happy goal.

---

## ACROSTIC

How many are God's blessings  
Open to us every day,  
Promises of His goodness  
Ever cheer us on the way!

## THINKING

Think, boy think, as you older grow  
And many a valuable lesson know,  
For thinking makes the young mind grow,  
And in the life will blessings show.

Think, and then will thy path be clear  
And you shall miss the many a tear  
That does so oft in the face appear,  
For thinking not makes man to fear.

Think, and you can chain the air  
And to the heavens build a stair;  
Then make thy home so happy and fair,  
At night you'll sit in your evening chair.

Think, and time shall wait for thee  
And mark the stages that shall be  
In your upward climb of wholesome glee  
For honor, fame and fortune you shall see.

Think, and the rushing crowds will stay  
To hear what you will have to say,  
And you shall mould like softened clay  
The minds of men, both near and far away.

Think, and power of soul shall rest  
Within thy mind and in thy breast,  
And you shall be most nobly blest  
Then gain from earth the very best.

## POETICAL MEDLEY

Long, long days  
In their frays  
Time soon betrays  
But never stays.  
Man often prays  
And then delays  
In his evil ways  
And resolution slays.  
The boy portrays  
In the month of Mays,  
Children have plays,  
The girls wear stays,  
Forests have jays,  
The sun has rays  
That makes the grays  
In the ocean sprays  
At the middays.  
The general arrays,  
The captain hoorays,  
When the stowaways  
No fare ever pays,  
When the tide sways  
To the open bays  
Of the distant Malays.  
Kings have their says  
And send large relays,  
Bearing golden trays  
To open leeways  
When some critic flays  
Their many holidays.  
But poets write lays  
And hope for repays,

For poems always  
Dread fear allays,  
But never prepays  
Wisdom that brays,  
But soon decays  
Like new-mown hays.

---

## STANDING ALONE

Long ago in a broad wide field,  
Near a road stood a lonely tree,  
Battered and torn by many a wind  
Still it stood there in its glee.

For beaten by the blasting storm  
And tested in winter and summer,  
Bowing and bending still it grew  
And it stood there all the stronger.

It grasped every tussle with the wind  
As alone it seemed each year to say,  
The oak that stands alone in the field  
Oft remains there for many a day.

A lone boy worked at a hard daily task  
While the others went off to play,  
And day after day he stronger grew  
As he constantly worked away.

Until he stood at the end of the race,  
Tested and tempered and very strong,  
And admired and honored by every one  
There he lived after working so long.

Yonder a lone man battled day after day  
In the struggle with vice and sin,  
And after every failure would say,  
"I'll keep on in the fight and win."

Year after year he battled alone  
With appetite, passion and pride,  
And like the lonely oak in the storm  
He struggled away with the tide.

But the lone man stood undaunted  
When he kept the Cross in view,  
When appetite, passion and pride came up  
What struggles he had none knew.

But after the battle the lone man stood  
The victor at the close of life,  
And brightly smiling was heard to say,  
" 'Tis the end of my long bitter strife."

"For year after year I struggled away  
Against poverty and vice and sin,  
But no man ever came and said to me,  
'Keep on in the struggle and win'."

### THE MORAL

When you see a lone man battle  
Against the dread forces of sin,  
Step up and take him by the hand  
And say, "Hold fast and you'll win."

## BATTLE OF LIFE

In every place you'll always find  
It's a struggle to win your way,  
But honor and pay is sure to come  
If you battle on day after day.

No matter how hard you're hit in the fight  
Or how big was your blackened eye,  
Be a man and jump to your feet again  
And the next time much harder try.

The world is big—there's plenty of room  
For the man that ceases not to try,  
And although you've failed many times  
Never give up life's battle and sigh.

For all have failed in some hard task  
And were pushed aside in the race,  
But time and the power of a giant will  
Shall bring you to your chosen place.

---

DON'T BE IN A HURRY

Don't be too hasty to say all you think,  
Time may alter your thoughts in a blink.

Don't be too ready the gossip to hear;  
Help to defend when the tattler is near.

Don't render judgment till both sides you hear,  
For often men's judgments do wrongly appear.

Don't be in a hurry to tell all you know,  
For after the telling, a lie will soon grow.

Don't be in a hurry to live out your life;  
Take time to live it without bitter strife.

## CROSSING THE DELAWARE

It was a dark, cold night  
And the waves were leaping high,  
But the Father of our country  
Was determined to win or die.

Neither snow, rain nor the broken ice,  
Nor the river's foaming tide  
Could baffle the courage of such a man  
Nor shake his valiant pride.

So into the little boats they climbed  
The soldiers one by one,  
And just before the break of day  
Crossing the Delaware was done.

On to the town of Trenton,  
Through rain and falling snow,  
Those brave Colonial soldiers  
Marching on to win, they go.

They charged the British Hessians  
And they captured every one,  
And new was the fame of Washington  
That glistened in the morning sun.

For this capture of one thousand  
On that cold December morn,  
Revived the hopeless soldiers  
Who had been almost forlorn.

But the war has long been over  
And those soldiers sleep and rest,  
But the crossing of the Delaware  
Was their most trying test.



"America's freedom will now be gained,"  
Said those brave men one by one,  
As they marched at the word of Washington  
After crossing the Delaware was done.

---

### WEEP WITH HIM

If you could know the heartaches  
That destroyed all the vim  
Of your dear friend of years ago,  
You needs must weep with him.

And had you heard the troubles  
That made his face so grim;  
Then if his story all was told  
You needs must weep with him.

Then as the beggar tells of his woe,  
Of the biting cold and hunger grim,  
When his troubles all are told,  
You needs must weep with him.

Weeping and moaning with bleeding face  
The drunkard groans with a bitter whim  
But when his sorrows all are told,  
You needs must weep with him.

When your boy comes crying from his play  
With his kite torn from the rim;  
After you hear of that broken kite,  
You needs must weep with him.

The poor man begs for a loaf of bread  
And shivers as you look at him;  
But could you see the want in his home  
You needs must weep with him.

In every life if you could see  
How heartache, pain and woe bedim  
And taste the cup each one must drink,  
You needs must weep with him.

So when the journey of life is o'er  
And time brings you up to Him;  
After you've heard how Christ did suffer,  
You needs must weep with him.

---

### SPRINGTIME IN THE WOODLAND

I walked in the woodland valleys  
Where the flowers were sweet and gay,  
And I heard the robins singing  
For it was the month of May.

The trees above, the grass beneath,  
And the songs of awakened spring  
Caused every tree and plant and flower  
To me love's message bring.

The singing birds and blooming flowers  
And the cheerful songs of life,  
Just filled my hungry soul so full  
There was no room for strife.

So all day long I feasted there  
In the forest by the sea,  
And into my soul a flood of song  
The little birds sang to me.

The warm spring brings into my heart  
The joys of a new born love,  
And into the woods I'll walk again  
For the cooing of the mating dove.

So whistle and sing the sweetest song,  
And oft in the woodland stray,  
For out of your soul the birds will drive  
The most bitter sorrow away.

---

### SONG OF THE BIRD

Chick-a-dee-dee, a birdie sang,  
And he sang so happy and free;  
In winter and summer thus he sang:  
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee.

The tune he sang was very sweet  
And it cheered us, I must say,  
But when he missed to come and sing  
That was a long, long day.

At early dawn his little song  
Stirred us to greet the sun,  
And then at night his evening song  
Made time more fast to run.

Sing birdie, sing chick-a-dee-dee,  
Thy song we love to hear,  
For there is rythm in your tune  
And music in our ear.

Chick-a-dee-dee, how sweet it sounds  
As you sing it early and late,  
And I do believe within my heart  
That you're singing for your mate.

## MY LITTLE FARM

Long I've dreamed and waited  
To buy a little farm,  
For I want to leave the city  
And bask in nature's charm.

I want to eat the sunshine  
And drink in the fragrant air,  
I want to live near nature  
And listen to its prayer.

So good-bye busy city  
I am going to my farm,  
Where little birds and flowers  
Will teach no false alarm.

I will plant some corn and berries  
And will harvest all my hay,  
I shall pick the beans and pumpkins  
And will sometimes try to pray.

Yes, I'm movin' to the country  
Where it's big and air is free,  
So I'll say good-bye old city  
For I'm parting now from thee.

I will listen to birds and flowers  
And walk by the running stream,  
There I'll live with God and nature  
And with joy my life will gleam.

## TH' AULD GATE

Meet me my bonnie lassie,  
Come down to the auld gate,  
And I will by the lowland come  
But fear I may be late.

I hae nae aiver—so I must walk,  
But I'll come all the way,  
Along the road by Loch-Katrine  
I'll turn in by the brae.

The bonnie lassie true was she  
And stood lang at the gate,  
But niver mer her lover came  
Although she lang did wait.

The lad and lassie ne'er did meet  
Down by that auld hame gate,  
For the laddie found a broken brig  
And there he lang did wait.

So now the laddie's heart is wae  
But the lassie, she is gay.  
For a laddie wi' a' aiver came  
From over the highland way.

---

## THE FUSSY FARMER

A farmer was so very cross  
As the summer went right on,  
And the reason why he made a fuss  
Was the frost upon his corn.

"All my labor is lost," said he,  
"And bleak winter soon will come,  
And I've no hay for my horse or cow,  
No bread or meat in my home."

"Then you shall die, you fussy man,"  
The north wind howled away,  
And the fussy farmer began to think  
What he to the wind should say.

But the bright sun warmed the earth  
And the frost all melted away,  
Then the fussy farmer found in the fall  
That he had plenty of corn and hay.

His labor was not lost at all,  
But all his crops were good,  
And the fussy farmer in the fall  
Found that he was blessed of God.

Don't be in a hurry to fuss, my man;  
Don't damn and curse the earth,  
For if God don't come the devil will  
Then you shall have a new hearth.

---

### HAPPY FARMER

A farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay.  
Watching the little clouds of smoke  
As they slowly floated away.

I have planted corn each year  
And harvested my wheat and hay,  
Always raised some hogs and cows  
And have made my farm to pay.

But now we're old, my wife and I,  
Yet long we toiled together;  
Some days were dark—some work hard—  
But we labored in all kinds of weather.

We planned and worked and saved  
And always tried to do our best,  
But now the working days are o'er  
And we're going to take our rest.

We'll go and visit Tom and Bill  
And try that city life awhile,  
Yes, we'll take it easy, wife and I  
For we've traveled nigh on sixty mile.

Yes, the farm is all paid out,  
But it took a long, long time,  
O how we pinched and saved  
And did not even waste a dime.

But those were happy days for us  
For our hearts were always glad,  
When sorrows came, we trusted God  
And they did not seem so bad.

The joy we had in our planning  
Brought the sunshine in our home,  
And now after sixty years are passed  
We can claim it for our own.

---

### NEBRASKA GEM OF THE PRAIRIE

It is like a dream of yesterday  
That chases pleasant thoughts away,  
As we travel back for fifty years  
And watch the coyotes chase the steers.

Over the prairies broad and wide,  
Rolling west from the Missouri side,  
Dotted with valleys and wasted plains  
With buffalo grass and sage brush chains.

For five hundred miles it stretches away  
Untilled and unsettled for many a day,  
'Twas a seeming tract of worthless land  
Claimed by a roaming Indian band

That hunted the buffalo, fox and bear  
And traveled and camped but didn't care  
To plow and sow this vast domain  
For undisputed had been their claim.

But one stormy day a stranger came  
A Yankee farmer was this man's name,  
Who viewed the prairie land with pride  
And thought he'd for one year abide—

To see if corn and wheat and rye  
Would grow for him if he would try  
To plow and sow this western plain  
For land back east was a costly strain.

So he built a hut with the earthly sod  
And began to struggle with sand and sod,  
But year after year this Yankee stayed,  
Not because farming in this new land paid,

But each passing year caused him to see  
That he was poorer than he used to be,  
And so he could not move and get away,  
But in this wild land he had to stay.



Then Germans, Swiss and Belgians came  
With purposes all about the same;  
They wanted a home and one fair chance,  
So many picked homesteads in advance.

But now these fifty years are sped  
And that worthless land is a flower bed.  
It is rich as any soil that doth lay  
Along the path of the farmer's way.

Go travel the valleys and prairie plains  
Of Nebraska farms of fruits and grains,  
And beautiful farm houses you will see  
As fine as any farmer's home need be.

Gone is the buffalo, bear and coyote too,  
And the state has gained in wealth most true,  
Until towns and cities dot every plain  
And to market the railroads carry the grain.

The schools and churches are the very best  
And our boys and girls pass the Harvard test,  
While in every part of this western state  
The people are strong and rich and great.

They have always nurtured wholesome power  
And have stood for advancement every hour,  
They have built an empire vast and great  
And named it Nebraska before 'twas a state.

Chorus:

O, Nebraska, the gem of the prairie,  
The home of the true and the merry,  
Stretch away, stretch away in glory,  
The coming years will tell a story  
Of thy greatness, wealth and power to be  
For thy people are loyal, pure and free.

## SORROW EVERYWHERE

A little bird sang a song in a tree  
But he sang in a sad refrain,  
And I wondered why his little tune  
Had such a gloomy strain.

One day a little boy cried out,  
Who lived just over the way;  
With a broken heart he cried  
And moaned all the livelong day.

Then into a humble home I went  
But sat in a long reverie,  
For a mother with tear-stained eyes  
Poured out her sorrows to me.

Slowly I walked up over the hill  
And kept walking so far away  
Till I came at last to a villa  
That overlooked the sea so gray.

I'll enter here, I said to myself,  
And feast with the rich and gay;  
Here I'll forget the sorrows I met  
This beautiful sunshiny day.

A strong brawny man bowed to enter  
And pushed out a chair toward me  
As he brushed a stream of tears  
And turned his face to the sea.

Then he wept as he told his story,  
With his head bowed to the floor,  
For more sad was he than boy or bird,  
As deep sorrow had entered his door.

Thus everywhere I have traveled  
Through the land and over the sea;  
I have found some gloom of sorrow  
Poured from every heart to me.

---

### THE MISER

There is no voice can wake the soul  
Of him whose heart is hard and cold,  
Who hoards his money all his life  
And sells himself a slave to gold.

O could he see the world's delight  
And taste the pleasures of one day,  
Of living in unselfish bliss  
He'd scatter all his gold away.

No longer in that greed of gain  
Would his poor soul be found,  
But like a prisoned bird set free  
His heart would leap and bound.

"But I will pass his cottage by  
And waste no time with him,"  
The angel said and winged his flight  
And left the miser fast and grim.

---

### THE HIGHWAY

My lassie'll take the highway,  
But I'll gae by the brae,  
And I'll be hame in the evening,  
But where will my lassie gae?

## TRUE TO YOUR DUTY

Fear not to do your duty  
Even though it is very hard,  
But remember in the doing  
Neglect will sure retard.

Be faithful in the small deeds,  
Do each one your very best,  
And never shun nor shirk them  
For they are your final test.

Be true to the work you're given  
And ne'er desert your post.  
When the books of life are opened  
You'll rank in the heavenly host.

---

## SLAYING AN ENEMY

It was a hard, hard fight  
And many a scar had I,  
For all night long I fought  
Till I thought I'd surely die;

But still I fought like a Tartar  
All through that night of pain,  
And wondered if when morning came  
My enemy would be slain.

At last I made an awful hit  
And thought the conflict o'er,  
But when I looked for my enemy  
He gave me one dig more.

So all night long I fought my foe  
And hoped at early dawn to see  
That I my bitter foe had slain.  
Morning came—I only found a flea.

---

## WAITING TIME

Waiting at the gateway  
Is what most of us have done,  
And looking for the coming  
Of a certain loving one.

We've asked it o'er and o'er:  
"I wonder why he is so late,"  
But still we kept on waitin',  
Down by the old garden gate.

This is one sad part of living  
And it seems it's always been,  
That some keep others waitin'  
Till the shades of night come in.

Mother, father, wife and sweetheart  
Oft have waited long in fear,  
But there came no word of comfort  
And the waiting was so drear.

Some keep waiting to begin  
What long ago they should have done,  
Waiting for the shoes of dead men  
Or for fortune to come from some one.

Waiting to build their own home,  
Or to move from the city to a farm,  
They've wasted a score of years  
And the waste was shiftless harm.

If man would only do today  
With all his might and power,  
The duties that the day requires  
In the sunshine and the shower,  
He would change many stormy clouds  
And be far richer on tomorrow,  
For like a noble king he'd be  
Shielding himself from many a sorrow.

---

### I WANT TO KEEP LIVING

Brighter, still brighter  
My soul grows each day,  
For I am always trying  
To find the brightest way.  
And I find it very easy  
So will give the reason why,  
For the brightest day of living  
Is some day before you die.  
For living is just doing  
The deeds you've always done,  
But filling them with sunshine  
And not missing any one.  
So I want to keep a living  
Until I have to die,  
For the brightest day of living  
Is some day before you die.  
The brightest day of living  
Is the day that's passing now;  
If you will just remember  
And wear a smile upon your brow.

The brightest day of living  
Is this day that we live now,  
If you'll fill it full of sunshine  
And carry smiles upon your brow.

---

## CURING GOSSIPERS

John Barley had a billy goat  
That wore a long necktie,  
And he fed him on foul gossipers  
Till the goat thought he'd die.

John Barley took his goat so sick  
To a sewing bee one day,  
And after he'd been there awhile  
They gave him a little tea.

The goat began to sniff and sneeze  
And out jumped gossipers, three;  
At once the goat began to mend  
And soon was well and free.

Now when he's fed on gossipers  
He runs to a sewing bee,  
For he can always sniff and sneeze  
When he gets a little tea.

At a sewing bee with a little tea  
The gossipers jump out quick,  
So what's the use for men or goats  
From the gossipers to be sick.

For if you've had some gossipers  
Just run to a sewing bee,  
And you'll be cured in a little while  
When you've had a little tea.

## ONLY A TEAR

'Twas only a tear  
That fell from her face,  
As she labored and suffered  
All the day in her place.

'Twas only a tear  
On her cheek so fair,  
But after it dried  
The burn was still there.

'Twas only a tear  
But it burned its way,  
And wrinkles were left  
On her face to stay.

'Twas only a tear  
As the night came on,  
But her heart was broken  
For her lover was gone.

'Twas only a tear,  
But it told of that love,  
That bound their young hearts  
With the ties from above.

'Twas only a tear,  
But it falls every day,  
From some broken heart  
That bleeds all the way.



## AT VIRGIL'S TOMB

I came one day to a poet's grave,  
Who lived long, long ago  
In that beautiful land of Italy,  
But now he sleeps on Posillipo.

Onward I was rushing in my glee,  
Never stopping in one place to stay,  
Until I came to Virgil's tomb  
And read the epitaph where he lay.

I paused as though a living poet  
Spoke to me his last request,  
"Siste viator pauce legito  
Hic Virgilius tumulus est."

For though he had slept for ages past  
And his voice had long been still,  
It seemed to me that he spoke that day  
As I lingered on that Neapolitan hill.

Stop! Traveler, read! And how these words  
Aroused my soul to tarry at his grave,  
And meditate upon that mortal dust  
Of Virgil who was both wise and brave.

The busy throngs have been passing by  
And two thousand years have sped away,  
Yet many have missed the poet's song  
While Virgil here in this casket lay.

Poetry, story and love's sweet song  
Are the charming lessons from Virgil's pen,  
But O, how many in the rush of life  
Neglect the stories of such good men.

“Stop! Traveler, and wait awhile,” I read,  
“This is the tomb of Virgil”, it said  
Carved were these letters on the stone  
Of this Roman poet who so long is dead.

---

### THE ARAB BEDOUNS

I crossed the sandy desert  
Through Arabia's dusty plain,  
And saw the dark-skinned Bedouins  
As they tramped the barren main.

They wore no hats, no shoes,  
No smiles shown on their face,  
But scanty dressed and woe-begone  
They still survive—a sad, sad race.

They seem like travelers come from far,  
No settled homes have they to keep,  
But when the mist of night descends  
They pitch their tents and sleep.

The race holds mysteries all would know,  
Hemmed in by the fates of the past;  
Still these dark-skinned Bedouins live,  
And shall live while time shall last.

Weak, superstitious and ignorant, too,  
They tramp the boundless dusty plain,  
This poor benighted race of ancient men,  
Thirst and famine have the thousands slain.

I saw them in that wasted land  
Where the pagan's bond doth bind,  
I read their woes in each sad face  
But I failed life's joys to find.

---

### MY NEIGHBOR

A priest and a Levite once passed by  
And left a wounded man to die—  
Was that priest or Levite you or I?

It was on the highway to Jericho  
This man for business had to go,  
But robbers by the way laid low;

They struck him with a pointed spear  
And took from him all that was dear;  
In scorn they gave him one last jeer.

A good Samaritan came down that way  
And saw the suffering Jew as he lay  
Almost dead, we can most truly say.

The Samaritan served him in his need,  
Carried him away on his own black steed,  
Paid an innkeeper for his room and feed.

"When I return I'll pay thee more  
Until this suffering man is o'er  
The wounds that he from robbers bore."

Beautiful lesson from that passerby  
Who found that Jew almost to die.  
Was that Samaritan you or I?

## FAITHFUL MOHAMMEDAN

Five times one day  
I saw him stop and pray;

'Twas Mohammed's priest  
Far in the land of the east.

In the ancient queer old Cairo  
The Moslem priests are on the go.

True to all their binding creed  
It has long been well agreed,

The sheik is more prompt to pray  
Than Christians are some vows to pay.

True to the letter of his Koran law  
He bows and bends, but finds no flaw;

His very soul would be lost indeed  
If he should fail his prayers to read;

Or if he'd fail to hear prayer's call  
Under the law he'd have to gall.

I saw him in yon busy street,  
With him on barren plains did meet.

So the Christian man can little say  
Against the Moslem's faithful way

Of keeping true to the Koran's letter  
And trying each day to worship better.

We fuss and rail against his creed  
And make the Moslem's poor heart bleed.

I wonder if the day won't come  
When Christian—Moslem will be one,  
And bow at the altar side by side,  
Then find that both in God abide.

---

## MY FRIEND

I love my friend  
And I'll tell you why—  
I love this man you see,  
Not for his wealth or power;  
Not for his help to me;  
But I love him first,  
This friend of mine  
For a tender heart hath he.  
I love him for he is as true  
And faithful to that tie  
As are the laws of nature  
That come from God on high.  
He is my friend of years ago,  
This man that here you see,  
A binding tie of faith and love  
Binds this good man to me.  
The mention of his name brings joy  
And then to see his face,  
Clasping his warm strong hand  
Fills all my soul with grace.  
So when I count my treasures  
And in heaven I lay my store,  
Among the things I'll prize most dear  
And count them cheaply won,  
Is the cherished thought of him  
And the good to me he's done.

## THE NORTH WIND

I hear the howl of the wind  
From the north land far away  
And it makes me shiver and shake,  
For I have no place to stay.

I feel its slimy biting tongue  
And its blasting fangs sting me,  
But still I must tramp onward  
For nobody ever cares for me.

'Tis such a misery to be poor  
When the north wind sweeps along  
For it even chills my soul  
With its cold and mournful song.

It howls and then it whistles  
And rocks the earth in its tread,  
Then drives the poor man on  
Till he wishes that he were dead.

But I can bear the north wind  
Better than a saloon man's grudge  
For it bites my body and soul  
Until I dare not budge.

Howl and bite, thou winter wind!  
You are no worse to me  
Than he who gave me drink for gold  
And a drunkard made me be.

## THE BROKEN HEART

All broken and sad  
Bleeds my heart today,  
For they've taken my sweetheart;  
They have taken her far away.

And I've no desire to linger  
In this villa by the sea,  
Unless they bring back my sweetheart  
'Twill be the death of me.

All alone I weep for my dearie  
And nobody can comfort me,  
For my heart is sad and broken  
While I suffer by the sea.

I am so crushed by sorrow  
And my heart bleeds every day,  
For I'm looking for my sweetheart  
Or I want to go away.

## JOHN LUSCHEN

John Luschen is a mighty man,  
His soul is so big and free,  
He always fights for God and right  
And will not from duty flee.

He has a heart that is so big  
So all his friends do say,  
John Luschen put a string on it  
So he would not give it away.

In daily life he is a power,  
As all his friends do feel,  
He stands a high man in the church  
And his soul is full of zeal.

## BUYING A GUN

I want ter buy me a gun,  
The biggest what you got,  
That'll shoot cannon balls  
And all that kind of shot.

Yes, I mean one for a nickel  
That'll kill most anything,  
For I'm going to hunt bears  
And wild turkeys on the wing.

I must have some bullets too,  
The kind what's made of paper  
So when I snap the trigger down,  
Them little boys will scaper.

No not like that, nor that,  
But one what's got a string,  
Just fastened to the bullet  
So when it hits, it'll sting.

You've got it right for sure,  
A popgun is just what I mean  
And here's the nickel what I had  
For I've kept it in my jean.

Off went that boy so happy  
And as proud as an earthly king,  
For he had bought a gun himself  
And one that was sure to sting.



## HIDE AWAY

The earth is full of sorrow  
And it follows us every day,  
But always keep up cheerful  
Or hide away, hide away.

Troubles—you'll all have them  
Wherever you work or play,  
But do not get discouraged  
Just hide away, hide away.

When you're so tired and weary  
And don't know what to say,  
Lock up your store or office  
And hide away, hide away.

When sick and sad and troubled  
And short of both work and pay,  
Thinking that life is not worth while  
You'd better hide away, hide away.

If many days are dark and dreary  
While you try life's game to play,  
Don't run away from your duty  
But quietly hide away, hide away.

You will gain much new vigor  
For the battles on your way,  
If you do not fuss and fume  
But just hide away, hide away.

---

BELLA SIGNORINA

O bella Signorina Italiana  
Io me ne andro lontano  
Datemi per favore la vostra parola  
Edio fabbrichero una capanna  
E voi verrete con me.

## HAPPY LIVES

Deeds of smiles and sunshine  
Mingled with the tears,  
Drive away man's troubles  
And sweeten all his years.

Bright and happy faces  
Give new life each day,  
Sifting out the sorrows  
And bringing joys to stay.

Tender words of kindness  
Make the cold heart warm,  
Every one may speak them  
With a gentle pleasing charm.

Rich and poor alike today  
Can fill this world with love,  
And make that lowly hovel  
Like the mansions up above.

---

VENICE THE BEAUTIFUL

Charmed by its silent romance  
With watered streets of blue,  
I landed once in Venice  
When the Campanille was new;  
Fantastic, quaint and weird  
Was the thrill to me that day,  
While rowing with a gondolier  
To the Belle Vue for a stay.

The streets all were noiseless  
For gondolas skim the way,  
As hacks and busses all are boats  
And on watery streets they play.  
Delights to me were priceless  
In fair Venice on the sea,  
As I learned its ancient history  
What its glories used to be;  
For silent marble tongues proclaim  
The glories of its living fame,  
As from the time-honored Rialto  
Immortalized by Shakespeare's name;  
From Saint Mark's sublime cathedral  
And that Doges palace grand,  
And the mounted four bronze horses  
Napoleon brought from Turkey's land.  
Thus into Saint Mark's square I went  
Where Venice glows in luster bright,  
There pigeons come to feed and play  
And Venetian singers charm the night;  
Then on the grand canal they stay  
And swell the air with sweetest tune,  
Cheering the hearts of weary men  
While overhead peeps out the moon.  
Venice is a city of man-made charms  
As it grows up out of the sea,  
And those clever Venetian merchants  
They would make a prince of thee;  
So when you travel o'er land and sea  
And men of many races you meet,  
You'll find none at all more genteel  
Than those in Venice that do you greet.

## BACK TO ITALY

Beyond the wide deep ocean,  
I want my home to be  
And my heart has been a yearnin'  
To go back to Italy.

I miss those charming people  
That I met beyond the sea  
And now I am just waitin'  
To go back to Italy.

The mountains and the sunshine,  
And the smiling folks you see  
Just keep the heart a beatin'  
To go back to Italy.

I hope the time is coming  
But I don't want days to flee,  
Still all the time I'm plannin'  
To go back to Italy.

Sailing back on the "Mendoza,"  
O such fun as that will be  
When launched upon the ocean  
To go back to Italy.

Write at once, ye Temple tourists  
And send on your names to me  
Then we'll book you for our party  
To go back to Italy.

Count the jolly days that's coming  
On our ship crossin' the sea  
When the Temple tourists gather  
To go back to Italy.

## CALL OF THE SEA

I am enticed by the call of the sea  
As the waves leap up to the shore,  
And I long to board a gallant ship  
And sail abroad once more.

I love the deep blue ocean  
And the billows under the sky,  
But once in a storm on the waters  
Is enough when the waves are high.

Of all the beauties in the world  
On the land or the sailor's sea,  
None are so grand and beautiful  
As the boundless ocean to me.

Roll on thou swelling ocean tide,  
Carry safely my ship and me  
For I know thy tide is changing  
As far as man's eye can see.

Dancing and skipping and singing,  
Like young girls out at play  
Thy waves keep up a romance  
And are courting from day to day.

Freely you bound in a moving tide  
And laugh as you roll away,  
And sing to the sailor on the deck,  
And keep his heart in a fray.

Beautiful charming ocean waves,  
Sing to man's heart each day,  
And you will drive all troubles out,  
And make his heart more gay.

## COUNT YOURSELF RICH

Count yourself rich immensely  
In treasures beyond compare,  
If you have health and vigor  
And do all your trials bear.

Life is worth the best we get  
Of the things that are most dear,  
If you would travel the happy road  
You'll find it begins right here.

Sing and laugh and you will have  
A host of most loyal friends,  
Who will always welcome you  
For some joy on you depends.

Count yourself a king in the world  
While you daily work at your task,  
And never give up and say, "I can't."  
But work on your best to the last.

---

## MAN IS OFTEN BLIND

So fast man hastens on his way  
Trying to find the happiest day  
He often goes so far astray.

For short is pleasure's sweet refrain  
And afterwards is long, long pain  
For what is lost we ne'er regain.

Misfortune oft is coming near  
But her footsteps does man seldom hear  
Until he is caused to weep and fear.

But why should man be deaf and blind  
Regretting to leave his wealth behind  
When in heaven he'll better riches find?

For what escapes our misty eyes  
Blinded by the dust of a worldly prize  
May be the purest gold of Paradise.

So hasten away and quick devise  
In some way to ascend the skies  
And captivate the richest prize.

So never think that looking wise  
Will open the gates of yon Paradise  
For dust may blind your sleepy eyes.

---

### LOCH-LOMOND

I once sailed o'er Loch-Lomond  
On a bright and pleasant day  
In the bonnie land of Scotland  
Where I whiled some days away.

O take me back to Scotland  
Down on the bonnie brae  
And let me see the lassies  
In their happy daily play.

But I am far from Scotland  
Far from the bonnie brae  
But I hope again to see it  
Still my heart is saying nae.

Let's sail the deep blue ocean  
To the bonnie land o' brae  
And visit with the lassies  
And watch them in their play.

O bonnie land of Scotland  
My feet are turned away  
O wad some sailor tell me  
To Loch-Lomond I may gae.

---

## THE HONEST LADDIE

My wee bonnie lassie  
Where will ye gae today,  
To the braes of the lowland  
Or in the highland stray?  
You can see I'm just a sailor  
Come from the watery way,  
But if you'll accept my company  
We will saunter by the brae.  
I hae nae fame nae fortune  
And I hae nae worry and care,  
But I'll be a winsome fellow  
And will not my shillings spare.  
Come wi' me ye bonnie laddie  
And we'll gae down by the brae  
We'll cross o'er Loch-Lomond  
And pick some flowers o' May.  
So wi' tha' bonnie lassie  
He spent mony a happy day  
Rambling o'er the highlands  
And down in the lowland brae.  
Nae fame nae fortune had th' laddie  
But an honest heart had he  
And he won the heart o' th' lassie  
Down on the banks o' th' Dee.



## THE UNNOTICED

Up in the mountain  
Blooms a little rose,  
Sweeter than a house plant  
In its high repose.

Up in the human heart  
Grows a purpose strong,  
Fighting for the right  
Against the deadly wrong.

Up in the busy crowds  
Plod many weary men,  
With torn bleeding hearts  
They go and sin again.

Up in the foul dark attic  
Some children starve each day,  
For cruel vice and sin  
Have taken their bread away.

But up in the realms of God  
In those mansions far above,  
Rich and poor go hand in hand  
Housed in that richest love.

Up in the souls of men  
Our God would there abide,  
Lifting all human nature  
To be a heavenly pride.

## THOSE TROUBLES

My neighbors all keep sayin'  
How hard the times will be  
Then fuss about the price of corn  
And would most discourage me;

They say the war is comin' on  
And the bank stock goin' down  
That taxes will be goin' up  
Then hard times in our town.

Well I duno if they are right  
Or if I am in the wrong,  
But just the same I smile away  
And sing a cheerful song.

My note is due? I know it is  
And I that note will pay  
If I but have one meal to eat  
And that be straw and hay.

Some say winter's coming soon  
Then coal we'll have to buy,  
But I just keep a smilin' on  
And do hope I may not die.

Jones he sed terbaker's up  
And eggs and taters have fell  
Hogs and chickens too are low  
And his wife she hain't so well.

O what troubles some folks see  
And how they kick and growl so grim  
You would suppose that God was dead  
And this world was in a swim.

Then all the same I don't give up  
But keep smilin' all the day  
For troubles are what we make them  
To keep or send them away.

Happy? Well I guess I am, Sir,  
As happy as a poor man need be  
For I have a place to eat and sleep  
And I trust the morrow to see.

There hain't no use of fussin'  
When things don't come our way  
But work the harder, dig and save  
And smile your best each day.

---

### HOW THE SOUL LIVES

Think a kind thought my soul  
Then you will have joy today,  
And shall drive from your soul  
All the evil thoughts away.

Pray a prayer for thy neighbors  
That they may prosper each day,  
And joy and blessings will come  
As you travel the toilsome way.

Sing a song of redemption  
'Twill cheer the saddest of men,  
For the beauty and glory of living  
Is to him who a servant has been.

Serve and you will be happy  
And brighten the souls that you meet,  
Lifting the sorrows and the burdens  
Your life will be fully complete.

## FUNNY WORLD

This is a funny world for sure  
And how some folks will dig,  
They'll starve and skimp along  
And ride in a rickety gig;

They'll talk about the neighbors  
And whine about the crops,  
Some always fuss and grumble  
As they eat their mutton chops.

It's a world of trouble too  
And nose around and gossip,  
And try to find some evil tale  
From which to gain some profit.

Some people will save and keep  
And hide their pennies away,  
They never find any comfort  
For they slave most every day.

They daily keep a thinkin'  
That they may starve to death,  
And so they keep a workin'  
While they hardly draw their breath.

They find no pleasure in the world  
For that might cost some money,  
And thus they always rob themselves  
For they miss the choicest honey.

## KING PHARAOH

All saddled and all bridled  
And so gallant rode he,  
Out from the homeland  
Toward the Red sea;

He was a proud despot  
And they were his slaves,  
Out rode the mighty Pharaoh  
With his fighting braves.

Swiftly moved the royal host  
Against that Jewish band,  
And soon they saw the Hebrews  
Wait long upon the sand.

Frightened were the untrained Jews  
As on the shore they wait,  
Then looked each other in the face  
And read their own sad fate.

But kingly Moses with the rod  
The sea, he soon divided  
Then quickly marched those Jews across  
For their fears had all subsided.

But all saddled and bridled  
And so gallant rode he,  
Out went the mighty Pharaoh  
Far into the Red sea.

On moved his mighty host  
Not one remained behind,  
Out into the deep Red sea  
The fighting braves went blind.

The ocean waves swept all away  
Not one returned to tell,  
How that mighty host went down  
Or in what graves they dwell.

All saddled and all bridled  
But rideth forth not he,  
For Pharaoh and his mighty host  
Sleep in the grave of the sea.

---

### THE POOR DOG

I heard a poor dog howling  
As though his heart would break,  
And I guess he had his troubles  
For he kept us both awake.

Both dogs and men have troubles  
That oft come thick and fast,  
But the man who keeps his troubles  
Makes them much longer last.

And the troubles that doggies have  
Are just as hard and true,  
As are those little troubles  
That bother both me and you.

Man's troubles seem such giants  
And they spring up in a night,  
That it keeps him always busy  
Trying to drive them out of sight.

O I should be truly delighted  
As through this dark world I go,  
If I could lift all the troubles  
Of both the men and doggies too.

## DREARY OLD AGE

Gone from my heart are those days  
When I was young and strong and gay,  
Gone are those friends I used to know,  
Gone like flowers that bloom in May.

Once I had a home and loved ones  
And was happy as happy could be,  
Now I'm alone in this dreary world  
And nobody ever cares to see me.

But day after day I am waiting  
As I older and weaker do grow,  
For I, like the leaves of the forest,  
Will fall to the cold earth below.

Yes, gone are those happy friends  
That once my soul did gayly thrill,  
But long since were mustered out  
And now sleep down over the hill.

---

## WINTER HAS COME

The leaves fall from the trees  
And the flowers droop and die,  
The robins to the southland go  
And the north wind heaves a sigh.

Silently skips the biting frost  
O'er the flowers in the dell,  
And laughs in its merry glee  
For summer has said, "Farewell."

We feel the bite of its icy tongue  
As it nips the school boy's nose,  
For it has driven the summer away  
And no one can tell where it goes.

That summer is gone we all lament  
And sigh as the winter we greet,  
But this is part of God's wise plan  
To make man's life complete.

So do not weep when summer is gone  
Nor despise the winter snow,  
For God has made the universe  
Far better than man does know.

Winter and spring, summer and fall,  
God has planned them each and all,  
Making the grass and flowers to grow  
And causing the leaves to fall.

He sends the frost that bites the bud  
And that stings your fingers too,  
He brings the winter from the north,  
Still He loves and cares for you.

---

### KEINE BROT

Ich habe keine brot  
Für diesen kalten tag,  
Wo kan ich das finden  
Ich kan nimmer sag.

Ich vill durch dem strassen  
Sehr schnell da gehen,  
Aber wenn ich brot nicht finden  
Zu meine heimat vill ich gekommen.



## MEINE HEIMAT

Ich vill zu meine heimat gehen  
Auch finden ich ihn so kalt,  
Ihn ist meine allein heimat  
Und das ist alles das ich gehabt.

Meine ist eine kleine heimat  
Und ich habe keine ander,  
Aber ich meine heimat liebe  
Ihn ist jemals wunderbar.

Einmal vill ich nicht zu kommen  
Zu meine heimat nimmermehr,  
Dann vill ich mein Gott besuchen  
Und ich vill hinauf gehen dar.

---

## MY COTTAGE

Down in the valley  
Beside a little stream,  
There is my cottage  
And light in it doth gleam;  
There dwells my sweetheart  
Like a little queen,  
Down in the valley  
By that little stream.

---

## THE BEGGAR BOY

I am so tired and hungry, Sir,  
And I have no place to go,  
For I am just a beggar boy  
A trampin' in the snow.

When I go beggin' at the door  
The rich folks frown and say,  
"We are going out to dinner  
And have no bread today."

But on I keep a trampin'  
Through the cold and bitin' snow,  
And wonder if the people think  
That I've no place to go.

Yes, I'm just a beggar boy,  
Tired, hungry and foot-sore too,  
Trampin', trampin' all day long  
But I find no work to do.

For when I do ask for labor  
The people just scowl and say,  
"We do not hire any beggars  
So just tramp on away."

Father and mother both are dead  
But they too were so poor,  
That all my life I've been beggin'  
And a goin' from door to door.

"Come in," did you say, "for supper  
And sleep tonight in a bed."  
That sounds like a dream to me  
The poor tired beggar said.

But after the meal was ended  
The beggar stirred not from the chair,  
But a sweet smile covered his face  
As he slept all free from his care.

## WRITING VERSES

I'll dip my pen into the ink  
Then squint my eyes and blink,  
And after while try to think.

If I could jot one poem down  
That would arouse my native town  
I'd count it worth a silver crown.

But writin' poetry seems a joke  
When you're hungry and also broke  
But still I'll try another stroke.

Writin' verses seems just play  
Still it's harder'n pitchin' hay,  
Rhymes don't always come your way.

Stoppin' here to start once more  
I'll have your patience to implore,  
So I'll give up and call it o'er.

---

MERCY SHOW

No advice have I to give  
Rather do I strive to live  
Better than I've done before,  
But I've missed it o'er and o'er;

Mercy now I freely show,  
Once no mercy did I know,

But this lesson have I learned  
Sinners not the saints are spurned.

Long it took me this to learn  
That mercy will itself return.

We scorn and kick the man that's down  
And on his reformation frown,

We do him harm—and stab his soul  
Rather than help him to the goal.

Now I will hasten to mercy show  
For I myself have been so low.

My mind and heart in mercy glow  
And I will always mercy show.

---

### I LOVE HIM

Deep in my soul I love Him,  
I fondly would ever be true  
O Christ, my dear loving Savior,  
I fully surrender to you.

In life so often I'm tempted  
And often I fall by the way  
But I long to love Jesus forever  
And walk in His paths every day.

His love has a power that changes  
The vilest of sinners to be  
Like the angels that live in heaven  
And He loves poor sinners like me.

So I'll leave my faults and follies  
And break from the pleasures of sin  
For I know that the Spirit of Jesus  
Will enrich my poor soul within.

## GETTING A WELCOME

We will always get a welcome  
As we walk beside the stream,  
We'll get it from the flowers  
When we walk upon the green.

In the cool and shady forest  
Where squirrels and birds are seen,  
There we'll always get a welcome  
When we walk upon the green.

So in every path of living  
Where the tracks of men are seen,  
Some will always get a welcome  
When they walk upon the green..

Every man who does his duty  
And to the right doth ever lean,  
Will always get a welcome  
When he walks upon the green.

So if we would teach a lesson  
Let us love and not be mean,  
Then we'll always get a welcome  
When we walk upon the green.

---

SLEEP

The angels pin the eyelids down  
And rock man's soul in sleep,  
They stay near by the bedside  
And a vigil watch they keep.

I think there must be angels  
That travel with us in the day,  
While others come at the sunset  
And all thro' the night they stay.

So when your eyes begin to blink  
Just know it's the angels' kiss,  
For swift from the dome of heaven  
They bring you some of its bliss.

Then in the angels' arms you rest  
And pass to that dreamless land,  
While o'er thy soul they keep a watch  
Sweet spirits of that guardian band.

---

### THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It's the night before Christmas  
And the snow's on the ground,  
While the children are waiting  
For Saint Nick to come round.

The little lads and lassies  
For this day have waited long,  
And the Christmas program's over  
But not the Christmas song.

Seems everybody's smiling  
The lean and fat—tall and thin,  
And all the lads and lassies  
Are wearing a monster grin;

For they're looking for tomorrow  
And that's the Christ's birthday,  
But little folks remember it  
As a day to romp and play.

Ring out ye bells of Christmas  
And scatter gladness everywhere,  
For so happy are the boys and girls  
They can hardly say their prayer.

But it's time to hurry off to bed  
After the prayers have all been said,  
Hang up the stockings in the corner  
For this long night will soon be sped.

---

### TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS

I am looking for Old Santa Claus  
To come to me tonight,  
And I have long been wondering  
If he won't bring a kite;  
Or perhaps a little drum,  
But it'll please me just as well  
If he would bring a gun.

But Santa is a good old man  
I've heard my mama say,  
And so I'll hang my stocking up  
But keep on at my play,  
And when it's time to go to bed  
I'll just jump in and say,  
"Please, Santa, tomorrow is Christmas  
Day."

---

### NATURE'S TEMPLE

Come walk with me in the woodland  
Where the song bird sings so sweet,  
Let us walk and talk together  
And there God's whispers greet;

The beauty of all the earth is here  
And the oak trees are great and high,  
Under my feet the green growing grass  
Is dotted with those flowers that die.

Come sit with me in this shady dell  
By the roadside just over the hill,  
For nature has built her temple here  
And the worship is solemn and still.

---

### ACROSTIC

Ramble over the wide, wide world,  
Over the ocean and land and sea;  
May all your travels  
And voyages prove  
Not one a loss to thee;  
Covet the path the good have trod,  
Enough when you make way to God.

---

### THE POET'S THEOLOGY

Here this call  
In trouble all  
Soon shall fall;

For evil deeds  
Like tares and weeds

Grow thick and fast  
But longer last.

With neighbors bad  
The hearts are sad,

But jolly friends  
On love depends.



Many profess  
But live less;

For Scriptures say  
All should pray.

When hopes die  
Some souls will sigh.

If God you see  
Love must be  
Strong in thee.

---

### THE BROKEN PANSY

I plucked a sweet pansy  
One bright summer day,  
But soon it had wilted  
And withered away.

Broken and severed  
The flower will die,  
So will the little bird  
And so will you and I.

Guard thy fleeting moments  
And check the angry spell,  
Then tomorrow you shall know  
That you acted mighty well.

Yes, broken was the pansy  
And so is the wasted day,  
But the idle word not spoken  
Is the best that you can say.

## FLEETING LIFE

Time, tide and flood sweep on,  
Days and nights too soon are gone;

The boy and man are nearly one,  
Pain and pleasure is life's sum.

Fleet, fly, thou fiery sun,  
Faster and faster the races run;

Birth, baptism, marriage and death,  
It's hardly time to draw thy breath.

Change, decay and resurrection be  
The messengers that do wait for thee.

---

## EASTER

The blast of the winter snow  
Has been chased away by the spring,  
And into the throb of life we come  
With the joys that Easter bring.

The whole world teems with life  
And the birds more sweetly sing,  
For man once more has a new life  
And it comes with the Easter spring.

This is the high tide of all the year,  
Even the earth bursts open with life,  
And a new spirit burns in the soul  
As Easter drives out all the strife.

The Easter day is heaven's time  
To herald the resurrection morn,  
And proclaim in all the world around,  
That Christ anew from the tomb is born.

Come one and all this Easter day,  
Let's turn our hearts from sorrow,  
And let Christ the King of Easter day  
Fit us all for the labor of tomorrow.

---

### THE RED BIRD

I am come from the fragrant fields,  
Where the daisies bloom in the dell,  
My heart is aglow with sweetest peace  
For peace among the flowers dwell.

I live in a swinging little palace  
In an oak tree great and high,  
And the boys and girls call me  
The red bird of the sky.

---

### YOU'RE OUT

"Striker three and you are out,"  
The umpire called from the base,  
The batter left the diamond  
And another took his place.

Soon the game is ended  
And the players will be gone,  
To rest and practice later  
Till another game is on.

But life itself is one long game,  
The batters you and I,  
But what shall be the umpire's call  
When the time shall come to die?

Striker one and striker two  
And every hit will count,  
But striker three and you are lost  
If the umpire cries, "You're out."

Play hard and fast my friend,  
Make every strike your best,  
For soon you'll leave the diamond  
And there'll be no other test.

Striker one, and striker two,  
So swiftly goes life's game,  
But all can make the home run  
And win both life and fame.

---

## WORK

Work and the world works with you,  
Shirk and thy time is lost,  
For all neglected duties  
You will pay tremendous cost.

Work with a zeal and fervor  
And you'll have a smiling face,  
For the man who is in earnest  
Will always find a place.

Work and your friends will miss you  
When you shuffle off from time,  
Work and the earth will praise you  
And your life will be sublime.

## MAN'S FATE

The flight of the bird  
And the hot spoken word  
Are records of the past,  
They cannot be recalled  
Nor can they be recast.

So man makes his fate to be  
Like a binding band of steel,  
Fills memory with the things  
Which bring him woe or weal;

He climbs the winding stair  
Through the duties of each day,  
Sometimes he drinks of sorrow  
And at other times he's gay.

Man has fixed limitations,  
Some boundaries he cannot pass,  
But he works, dreams and fancies,  
And at times can wealth amass.

Man is a shirker or a worker,  
He destroys and he builds,  
He fells the mighty forest  
And the rolling field he tills;

He scales the height of wisdom  
And he sails the widest sea,  
Reads the thoughts of God afar  
And he strives like God to be.

Yesterday he lived in wealth  
But today he bends so low,  
And like the frosted lily wilts  
Then from the world he'll go.

## THE GOOD MAN DIES

When the good man dies  
The earth at once replies,  
I've lost a goodly prize  
But heaven will be more wise.

But when a bad man dies,  
I wonder who then replies,  
For his spirit goes to the skies  
Just as if a good man dies.

I wonder who is most wise  
When the good or the bad man dies,  
To be good who hardest tries,  
Which one the longest strives?

The good man surely dies  
When he his God denies,  
And never longer tries  
To gain a home in the skies.

And the bad man always dies  
When he the sin and self denies,  
And daily yearns and ever strives  
To gain a home up in the skies.

## THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL

Many are weeping and sighing  
As through life's valley they go,  
Fretting and wasting life's joys  
As they harbor all life's woe.

But lift up thy soul sad man  
And the world's glad blessings know,  
You need not pine thy years away  
Nor fixed in sorrow should you grow.

Break the narrow view of seeing  
Just the dark and gloomy day,  
You were born to know the planets  
And make God's thoughts thy play.

Shake off thy wandering fears of doubt  
And make thyself a god in sacred power,  
So let thy steps be measured might  
And all thy deeds as a fragrant flower.

Let no bounds make thee a narrow man  
But penetrate until you touch yon  
Scenes of uncorrupted and eternal thought  
And make thyself an immortal son.

---

#### WHEN ALL OUR SHIPS COME IN

You have often heard folks say  
When in trouble they have been,  
We're looking for a better day  
When all our ships come in.

When all our ships come in  
From over the dreamy sea,  
For we believe they'll bring  
The fortune we long to see.

It seems there is a speck  
In all folks just the same,  
They are looking for the coming  
Of a ship with wealth and fame.

Vain hope that many have in life  
When loss and trouble corner them in,  
They try to put off the settlement  
Till their hoped-for ships come in.

And so they look and wait and hope  
That they may some day truly win,  
When they ought to work the harder  
Till their ships do all come in.

When all our ships come in  
From over the boundless sea  
We'll live in peace and comfort  
And a jolly time 'twill be.

But those ships with treasures rare  
May be far from the port tonight,  
And may have a stormy voyage yet  
Before you view their sight.

Remember this looked-for time  
When all our ships come in,  
Never comes to the most of folks  
For their ships do not come in.

Then I will work and hope and pray  
And try my daily way to win,  
For then I shall be doubly blessed  
If all my ships come in.

---

### WAITIN' FOR FAME

I am waitin' just a waitin'  
For fame to come along  
And crown my idle moments  
And make me rich and strong;  
But so long I've been a waitin'  
For fame to come my way  
That now I am a thinkin'  
He's surely missed a day.



Waitin', yes I'm waitin'  
For a title to my name  
That cost no work or study  
But just pinned on by fame;  
Gold and honor for my waitin'?  
'Tis all the same to me,  
But what delays his comin'  
When his visit will be free?

But I mean to keep a waitin'  
While others work all day  
For if he finds them workin'  
He will not stop to say,  
"Can't you cease your labor  
When but once I pass this way?"  
But he'll always find me waitin'  
For I'm waitin every day.

Still I'm here a waitin'  
Even if fame is late  
And I'm sure to be a waitin'  
When he passes by my gate;  
I wonder how my name will look  
Carved out in bronze and stone;  
O how my friends will envy me  
When I walk with fame alone.

Waitin', still I'm waitin'  
And my hair is long and gray,  
But surely I'll not die  
Till fame comes by this way;  
What he'll give me for my waitin'  
Will be very hard to say,  
But fame will soon be comin'  
For I've waited life away.

## THE HALTED TRAVELER

'Twas on the way with the cross that day  
As the mob with hate and anger cried,  
That Jesus fell under the weight of the cross  
And the centurion lashed His bleeding side.

Then a passing traveler was halted on his way  
And told to follow his new found guide,  
But Simon begged that he might be excused;  
The captain answered, "Walk by the prisoner's  
side."

On with the mob the Cyrenian slowly tramped,  
Gazing upon the blood-stained face of Him  
For whom he bore that heavy cruel cross,  
At last to see the soldiers nail Him with a grin.

Perhaps that halted Cyrenian never knew that  
Power and love flowed mingled with the pain,  
Of the Christ who tramped in silence all the way  
To reach Calvary where loss was greatest gain.

Then came the end so mystic, solemn and so sad  
That Simon the Cyrenian bowed to God and said,  
"It gives me joy that I was halted on the way  
And bore the cross for Him who now is dead."

In life you shall all have some sudden call  
And a halted traveler you and I may some day be,  
Finding that into service we too had drafted been  
And a neighbor's need had been the one decree.

Swiftly along life's thorny path men do go,  
But are halted and hindered like Simon on his way  
Thinking that they've sad days to look upon,  
But Simon the Cyrenian ne'er saw a better day.

You were one time halted on your pilgrim way  
But keep on climbing up Mount Zion and see  
That from its summit you shall view at last  
The glories of that Calvary were all for thee.

---

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He rose like a giant strong  
This man so brave and true,  
He always did the right,  
Or as near it as he knew.

Humble retired and meek was he  
As he worked at every task,  
Was never known to break his word  
But he kept it to the last.

He stood a kingly man of men,  
Free from folly, malice and pride,  
Was a giant for all men's rights  
And his fairness shall forever abide.

This name of Lincoln ne'er forget  
As the centuries shall roll away,  
For he stood a man of God we think  
And he lived it every passing day.

From the common ranks of men came he,  
Schooled in adversity and poverty too,  
Sad and lonely was most of his life  
But daily like God he steadily grew.

"Honest Abe" he was often called  
By friend and foe the same,  
But few in all the world have had  
This title to their name.

In the hearts of men he'll always live  
While the years shall come and go,  
But the good he's done for all mankind  
There's none but God does know.

He fell a victim to murderous hate  
And sank in a martyr's grave;  
He died as he had always lived  
But he freed the white man's slave.

He sleeps in a Springfield cemetery,  
Our Lincoln so noble and true,  
But he set a standard for right living  
That daily challenges me and you.

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#### SONNET OF GLADNESS

We love our God and praise Him too  
For sparing us to meet with you;  
For sending sunshine with the shower  
And lending us the fragrant flower.

We bless His name this happy day  
And on His altar here we lay,  
The broken heartstrings of our soul  
And pray that we may reach yon goal,

Where tired feet no longer tread  
But crowns bedeck the weary head;  
And battling trusting souls of men  
Lay down the cross and peace attain.

Come then and let us praise His name  
And love Him for His holy fame;  
Then all our earthly praises bring  
And laud and crown Him as our King.

## THE DYING SOLDIER

He is dying, slowly dying  
In a hut down by yon mill,  
His face is pale and wan  
And he's growing cold and still,

The soldier boy—brave and true,  
Who answered his country's call,  
He fought like a valiant Caesar  
And he was noble, gay and tall.

Day after day he had tried to go  
And answered again the bugle call,  
But frail and weak he daily grew  
As he was slipping beyond recall.

In a lonely hut he was dying,  
There was none to bathe his brow,  
As his soul leaped out of his body  
And has gone to that eternal now.

No grave was dug for his body  
And marker there was none to say—  
So no one can find his resting place  
Or tell where that brave boy lay.

Quietly he slipped away from earth  
On the sands of yon southern plain,  
But for the grave of this nameless hero  
Many have long searched in vain.

But he was not alone when he left—  
For heaven's angel band came down  
And watched him through the night,  
Then crowned him with a golden crown.

And they bore him away in triumph  
To that land of everlasting day,  
They dressed him in a robe of white  
And have taken him there to stay.

---

### EULOGY TO OUR HEROES

Sleep on thou brave, brave heroes,  
All thy work was nobly done,  
But the long and bloody battles  
Claimed thy comrades one by one.

You have faced the firing cannon  
When you heard the general's call,  
And you marched when sick and weary,  
So you've suffered each and all.

No one knows the pains you suffered  
In the swamps and on the plain,  
While you tramped, toiled and battled  
Greater rights for man to gain.

But no more will bugles call you  
To face the cannon's smoke and roar,  
For you conquered in the struggle  
And that bloody warfare's o'er.

Sleep ye wounded, weary bodies,  
Comrades of our nation's life,  
Upon high live all your spirits  
And in heaven there is no strife.

But today from peaceful labors  
We were gathered at thy graves,  
And with love we dropped the flowers  
With the words—here sleep our braves.

And we also waved that banner  
Of the red, the white, the blue,  
And we thanked the God above us  
That you fought as men most true.

Comrades of our land and nation  
Who in earthly battles trod,  
Form yourselves in grand procession  
For you now belong to God.

---

## THE END OF THE ROAD

It's a long way to travel  
When you carry a heavy load,  
But surely there's a resting place  
At the end of the road.

It's a long day to suffer  
When pains your body goad,  
And there seems to be no help  
Till the end of the road.

It's a long task that keeps you  
Like the little climbing toad,  
As he keeps on in his climbing  
Till the end of the road.

There are many heavy sorrows  
That come to man's abode,  
But some must carry them  
Till the end of the road.

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Men have been seeking wealth  
As through the world they rode,  
And they'll keep on in the seeking  
Till the end of the road.

It's a long, long desire  
And a tiresome waiting mode,  
From boyhood up to manhood  
Till the end of the road.

It's a long path leading  
Where tired feet never strode,  
But just over the hill  
Is the end of the road.

---

### A MISTY DAY

Did it ever occur to you my friend  
There will come a misty day,  
When clouds shall gather o'er thy head  
And the sun shall hide away?

When the friends of youth are gone  
And alone you battle in the tide,  
While the earth recedes from your view  
What deeds of thy life shall abide?

But the misty day that you viewed afar  
And feared when that day would come,  
At last like the slow moving caravan  
It has scattered its mist in thy home.



Your eye grows dim with the misty dew  
And your friends you no longer know,  
While around thy bark gathers the cloud  
And where, O where, will thy spirit go?

So with joy and vigor of a stalwart soul  
We meet in life and walk in the way,  
But soon we'll come to the end of the road  
To the beauty or gloom of that misty day.

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### EVENING BELLS

My boyhood life down in the dells  
Was often cheered by the evening bells  
Of church and school and that gay time  
When home was sweet and heaven was mine.

But swiftly passed those days of glee  
And gone is many a heart from me  
That now in the silent city dwells  
And answers not those evening bells.

Night follows day and soon is gone—  
But the church bell still is tolling on  
And echoes long in those shady dells  
A low sweet tune of the evening bells.

And so will the tolling music be  
When my own soul pushes out to sea—  
Then other poets shall walk those dells  
And hear thy tune, sweet evening bells.

## PUSHING OUT TO SEA

The evening comes at last  
And all friends turn to see  
When the Spirit stands at the door  
As we push out to sea.

He speaks in tender tones  
A message so plain for me  
"Do not go hence in weeping  
When we push out to sea."

Eventide and a low sweet tune  
Of a cooing dove in a tree,  
And the soul begins to know  
When we push out to sea.

Passing from the little home  
To realms more pure and free  
O may there be no weeping  
When you push out to sea.

It may be a long, long journey  
But his bark will surely be  
A safe boat in which to sail  
When you push out to sea.

Now the voyage is just begun  
And my Pilot I can see,  
So a long farewell I leave  
As we push out to sea.

Eventide and the close of life  
Is the record that will be  
For friend and foe some day  
When we push out to sea.

## HOME AT LAST

When I reach my Father's house  
Just over the crystal sea,  
In those regions of delight  
Where my soul would ever be;

When I lay my burdens down  
And rest from the toilsome way,  
I hope to enter the gates of gold  
And with Jesus ever stay.

When my cares and toils are o'er  
And I'm free from the storms that be,  
My soul shall bask in eternal bliss  
Where I've yearned for years to be.

When I've come to the end of the road  
And the days of my life are done,  
If I reach that harbor safely  
My crown of life will be won.

Yes, I'm trusting in the blood  
Of that man of Galilee,  
For He says in His written Word  
He died to set the sinners free.

## Chorus:

To glory my soul yearns to go  
And the crown of His love to wear,  
Then I will be happy in Jesus  
For saints of His grace will be there.





**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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